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—John Farrar, in *The Bookman*.

There is great beauty in the Morley book, and deep emotion.—Heywood Brown, in the *N. Y. World*.

There are some achievements that mock analysis, that are so near perfection that their apprehension is a measure of the quality not of the artist but of the audience. One of these is Christopher Morley's *Thunder on the Left*. . . . Profound unity gives to the book a vision, usually confined to poetry or abstract philosophy, of the great laws that govern life.—*International Book Review*.

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Extremely beautiful in some spots and amazingly revelatory in others . . . beautiful bewilderment.

—Baird Leonard, in *Life*.

But even better than the reviews . . . the best advertisements for *Thunder on the Left* that have yet appeared are the 67,000 men and women who have bought it. They have made it the most discussed book of the decade.

## THUNDER ON THE LEFT

By Christopher Morley

\$2.00

Doubleday, Page & Co.

## The Phoenix Nest

WE are in receipt of *This Quarter* (No. 2), a remarkable orange and black anthology in paper covers, edited and published in Milan, Italy. The editors are Ernest Walsh and Ethel Moorhead. \* \* \* "This number," says the inside cover, "is not complete without the Anthel musical supplement Which is included in the price And is not sold separately." \* \* \* "Anthel" is the work of George Anthel, dated June, 1925, in Paris. It consists of compositions dating 1918-1920, 1922, 1923, and 1924-1925. \* \* \* The latest composition is entitled "Mr. Bloom and the Cyclops," a work upon the "Cyclops" episode in James Joyce's "Ulysses." \* \* \* Some of the sideline instructions for the rendition of this piece include "16 mechanical pianos operated from master roll and controlled from switchboard," "8 xylophones controlled from switchboard," "Amplified Gramophone containing all of the ordinary orchestral instruments registered upon gramophone record—amplified and controlled from switchboard," "Bass drums," "Electric Buzzers," "pieces of steel," "Electric Motor (wood attachment)," "Electric Motor (steel attachment)," and so on. \* \* \* But, turning from music, of which we know nothing, we come to Ethel Moorhead's frontispiece to the literary anthology. It is a drawing of Emanuel Carnevali. It faces Cantos XVII-XIX by Ezra Pound. Then Emanuel himself discusses "Girls," in certain poems. He has the girls lettered A, B, C, D, E, F. He doesn't discuss them as kindly as Raymond Knister discusses horses. \* \* \* He calls them names. Ernest Walsh also writes poetry. \* \* \* Leon Herald Strabian and Robert Roe are other poets. \* \* \* And here is Carl Sandburg—old Carl! \* \* \* Then come some new photographs of Joyce, making him look like an over-wearied interne, of Ernest Hemingway, of George Anthel, and a "reproduction of an oil painting" of Padraic Colum. Only it couldn't have been an oil painting. It was obviously a drawing. \* \* \* Then an "Extract from Work in Progress," by James Joyce. Then, among others, some McAlmon, some Djuna Barnes, some Hemingway, some Moorhead, a miscellany containing some letters from Ernest Walsh. \* \* \* Here we may well pause. \* \* \* As we have examined Mr. Walsh's celebration of himself in this section of the fat volume, mixed with turgid rodomontade concerning the few contemporary writers he considers worthy, we are partly disgusted and partly entertained. \* \* \* What an exhibition! \* \* \* Granted that Ernest Hemingway may have considerable merit as a writer, how one is put off by Mr. Walsh's illiterate first sentence in his review of Hemingway:

The first impression one gets on reading a story of Hemingway is that this writer has been getting ready inside himself and outside himself for a long time before he began to write for the good job of writing.

If a freshman began a theme with such sheer bosh he would quite properly have it blue-pencilled. \* \* \* We pluck other plums from Mr. Walsh's excursions into "criticism." \* \* \* "I wanted to say that McAlmon observed like a gentleman observes," "I can outwrite in his own medium any critic alive. And I can beat him with his own tools. But I am not the best critic alive," "His stories are a triumph over material. He has accepted his world," "behind each word in a Hemingway story Hemingway was thinking of more than grammar and publishers when he put it down," "I would say that Carnevali is the Keats of today but that is not quite true. He has more to say than Keats. He is more important than Keats." \* \* \* One could multiply instances indefinitely. In fact, Mr. Walsh is a master of unconscious humor. He refers to Dean Inge as a "pew-mate" of G. K. Chesterton. He speaks of a "trail-blazing angle." He calls Thomas Hardy an "almighty bore." He calls W. B. Yeats "a fake Irish poet." He says McAlmon is "bigger and better than Mark Twain." He asks Harriet Monroe, "Doesn't anyone ever give you the straight stuff. (period) Except Pound." \* \* \* Mr. Ernest Walsh has done an incalculable disservice to the group of writers he has edited and anthologized. He is a third-rate writer with an enormously swollen ego. His mind is that of an excited sophomore. \* \* \* We should not be so severe with him, save that he has swaggered and stuck out his tongue and called names through many pages of this collection of his contemporaries. \* \* \* He has obscured for us whatever merits they may have by his palpable ignorance and insensitiveness, by his big empty ballyhoo and his orgy of overstatement. \* \* \* Mr.

Walsh's opinions are of no possible interest save as they have served to irritate us with the group for which he is spokesman. \* \* \* And that is not fair. \* \* \* Of the new and tentative writers in this group we remember Miss Kay Boyle when she was an assistant editor of *Broom*. Her little story in *This Quarter* is a sincere attempt to portray a mood of an artist. James Joyce is, of course, a genius who adds lustre to this collection. Carl Sandburg's reputation is established. We have yet to read anything of Robert McAlmon's in prose that will convince us of anything but his dullness. Emanuel Carnevali's poems here present we heartily dislike. Ezra Pound's cantos seem to us still-born, as his former cantos seemed. \* \* \* We have yet to examine detachedly the work of Mr. Ernest Hemingway. \* \* \* Some of Mr. Walsh's poems have beauty, some are just rot. But it is disappointing in the extreme that an egocentric young person so completely void of any critical faculty as is young Mr. Walsh should have been intrusted with the editorship of a volume which may well contain some notable work by modern individualists. \* \* \* We have found him so preposterous that we have not yet read the volume he edits. \* \* \* Let us turn away to the first number of Volume Four of *The New Criterion*. This is an interesting quarterly review, edited by Mr. T. S. Eliot and published by Faber & Gwyer, Limited, at 24, Russell Square, London, W.C.1. Those of our readers who collect the best literary periodicals should certainly subscribe. \* \* \* *The New Criterion* is liberal enough to print the work of Gertrude Stein, work which we shall never be able to regard as anything but futile. In this number, however, are also "A French Criticism of Newman," by Frederic Manning, a story by Aldous Huxley, an essay by Virginia Woolf, the second instalment of D. H. Lawrence's "The Woman Who Rode Away," contributions by Jean Cocteau and John Gould Fletcher, and a leading article by Mr. Eliot himself on "The Idea of a Literary Review." \* \* \* Mr. Eliot says some sound and valuable things. "A review should be an organ of documentation. That is to say, the bound volumes of a decade should represent the development of the keenest sensibility and the clearest thought of ten years. Even a single number should attempt to illustrate, within its limits, the time and the tendencies of the time. It should have a value over and above the aggregate value of the individual contributions. Its contents should exhibit heterogeneity which the intelligent reader can resolve into order." \* \* \* And again, "The miscellaneous review is negative: the review which propagates the ideas of a single man, or the views and fancies of a small group, is more evidently obnoxious. In the realm of action, of political or theological controversy, a small and compact body of troops, or even a single leader, may accomplish useful work. But in the world of ideas, no individual, no small group, is ever good enough or wise enough to deserve such license. Of messianic literature we have sufficient." \* \* \* He comes to the conclusion that we must "form a literary review, not merely on literature, but on what we may suppose to be the interests of any intelligent person with literary taste." In the choice of contributors, he says, "our catholicity must be ordered and rational, not heterogeneous and miscellaneous," and warns that the review must "protect its disinterestedness, must avoid the temptation ever to appeal to any social, political, or theological prejudices." \* \* \* He is averse to stating a program or erecting a platform. Tendency only must be evident. He believes that today there is "a tendency toward a higher and clearer conception of Reason, and a more severe and serene control of the emotions by Reason." \* \* \* After having examined Mr. Ernest Walsh, what a relief it is to listen to Mr. T. S. Eliot speaking with ordinary intelligence! The "severe and serene control of the emotions by Reason," a catholicity "ordered and rational," the protection of disinterestedness, —these are, most certainly, necessities in the practice of criticism, in the analysis of contemporary writing. These are principles to which one must cleave. \* \* \* We realize that we have been "severe" but not altogether "serene" in our treatment of Mr. Walsh! \* \* \* And we apologize for having devoted our entire column this week to the discussion of two periodicals. \* \* \* But they illustrate two distinct modern tendencies. And we do detest the half-baked and the ill-digested. \* \* \* And so, adieu!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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